Ishmael E.G.O:: Wingbeat

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/62110549.

Rating:
Explicit

Archive Warning:
Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Categories:
F/F, F/M

Fandom:
Limbus Company (Video Game)

Relationship:
Ishmael (Limbus Company)/Reader

Characters:
Ishmael (Limbus Company), Reader

Additional Tags:
Blood, Bloodplay, Blood and Injury, Licking, Healing, Biting, Threats of Violence, Eventual fluff kind of??, Blood and Gore, Blood Drinking, Hunters & Hunting, Forests

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2025-01-10 Words: 7,981 Chapters: 1/?

Ishmael E.G.O:: Wingbeat

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Everything will be peaceful while you are under the fairies' care (you can also enjoy the envious glances you'll get from other employees. Not that it's important, but...).
What if the fairies don't approach you?

Notes

I plan to do 5-10k fics for every single ID and EGO in the game in no particular order, just whatever I'm feeling. If you have a request just comment it with any details and I'll get around to it any extra help is always appreciated. I already have some in the works and I plan to drop them about once every week or so for consistency.

Gender neutral reader btw

Thanks.

Disc server
https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Sanguine.

Velvet.

Red.

It pools across the forest floor in wide, arcing swaths. Some areas glisten, others are already darkened and matte. The vivid crimson cuts starkly against the green leaf litter, mingling in the clear dew, staining the light brown and white fur of a dead deer—and the clothes of the body at your feet.

Blood streams from the gaping chest wound, the jagged tear in the fabric radiating outward like a grotesque flower. Some spills in slow rivulets, tracing their torso, pooling beneath them. But most geysers upward in pulses, each spasm of the heart painting their shirt with an ever-expanding crimson bloom. The ground beneath is saturated, the earth drinking deeply. Flies, drawn by the scent, begin to gather, their buzzing a morbid counterpoint to the forest's silence.

Your own shirt bears a similar, smaller stain—a vivid mark on your lower left abdomen. The other hunter’s arrow had found its mark in your side, though not immediately fatal. As long as you didn’t disturb it, you’d be fine until camp. However, there was a throbbing pain that radiated outward with each breath, a constant reminder of your vulnerability. You pressed a hand against the wound, trying to staunch the flow, but it seeped through your fingers, warm and sticky.

You couldn’t blame them though. Who wouldn’t fight to survive? It was self-defense, a necessity in this cruel place. Food was scarce in the forests of the District 4 backstreets. You were no different from the small animals rustling in the undergrowth, each fighting for their next meal.

But the truth remained: you killed them. Greed, desperation, survival

—whatever the reason, that blood, thick and dark like spilled ink, was your creation. A small weight on your shoulders, a burden that was however lighter than the hunger for a good meal. But you couldn't say that you didn't have an interest in them. You crouched beside the body, drawn closer by curiosity. Their simple clothes, with hints of wear and mending, suggested something beyond a typical city resident. Who were they? A rival hunter, perhaps, stalking the same deer? Or a hapless fixer on a client's job? Their dim, closing eyes offered no answers, only the imprint of fear and pain.

Then, a jolt—a hand on your leg.

You flinched, instinctively reaching for your knife, but the grasp wasn't hostile. Trembling fingers clutched weakly at your pant leg. Not vengeance, but fear. A silent plea. Your breath caught. Guilt washed over you, bitter and suffocating. Perhaps they deserved some form of comfort.

Hesitantly, you took their hand, your fingers curling around theirs. Their blood was warm at first, slick and silken. As it cooled, it thickened, clinging stubbornly to your skin.

Can you blame it?

Wouldn't you cling, too, if parted from one you love?

Looking away, the gutted deer lay before you, its carcass splayed open. Steam curled in ghostly tendrils from its hollowed cavity into the chill air. Your knife moved with practiced precision, cutting away fat and sinew, careful not to puncture the organs. You peeled back layers of flesh, exposing the liver, kidneys, and intestines. Each cut released a fresh wave of heat and scent—iron and musk. The entrails spilled onto the ground with wet thuds.

The work weighed heavily on your shoulders and chest, a grim task made heavier by the recent killing. The image of the other hunter's hand, clutching at your leg, lingered in your mind. You shook your head, trying to dispel the image. There was no time for remorse; there

were mouths to feed. You quickly bundled the choicest cuts into your game bag, securing it tightly. The remaining carcass, though heavy, was too valuable to leave behind. It would provide sustenance for days, if you could just get it back to camp.

You hoisted the deer onto your shoulders, its bulk pressing directly against your wounded side. A sharp, searing pain shot through you, making you gasp. The arrow shaft shifted slightly, a painful reminder of its presence. You adjusted the weight, trying to find a more comfortable position, but there was none. Each movement sent a fresh wave of agony through your side, the consequences of your mistakes you reasoned through grit teeth. You knew you should have taken more time, properly draining the carcass and bandaging the wound before attempting to carry such a heavy load. But the urgency to leave the site, the lingering fear of discovery, had overridden caution.

The first mile was the worst. The weight of the deer seemed to amplify the pain a little bit, making your vision swim. It also threw you off balance a lot, the hasty butchering job leaving it unbalanced on one side. But you simply forced yourself to continue, focusing on putting one foot in front of the other. The forest path, usually so familiar, now seemed oddly strenuous, littered with roots and uneven ground. Every step was a battle against the extra weight, a test of your endurance. You could even feel the blood seeping through your makeshift bandage, staining your shirt again.

As you moved further from the clearing, the forest seemed to grow darker, the shadows deepening even in the more open areas. The fading light of the setting sun cast long, distorted shapes that danced and writhed around you, making it difficult to see the path ahead. The air grew colder, the chill seeping into your bones, exacerbating the pain in your side. You clutched your side tighter, trying to stem the flow of blood, but it was a futile effort. The weight of the deer, the rough terrain, and the worsening injury were going to start really taking their toll eventually. A growing nausea churned in your stomach, and a slight blur began to creep at the edges of your vision. You knew you were losing blood, but some good food and sleep could hopefully put that to rest. You pushed forward, breath ragged and sharp, clutching your side. Tightening your grip on the deer, you dared not let go. Not yet.

Pain lanced through your side with every step. You'd royally fucked up. In your haste to leave the body, you'd neglected to properly drain the carcass, inviting a pack of wolves. You'd scared them off with a gunshot, but not before a brief altercation worsened your injury. The makeshift bandage held, but a blur crept at the edges of your vision.

Nausea rose with each step, each a fresh jolt of pain. It wasn't just the wound—it was the weight. You no longer knew how far to camp; you only knew you had to keep moving. Even without her, you weren't the only hunter in these woods. The setting sun cast long, distorted shadows, obscuring the path. The thick, metallic scent of blood hung heavy in the damp air, a beacon to anything lurking in the underbrush. Every crack of a twig, every rustle of leaves, urged caution, but stopping meant surrender.

You stumbled over a root, catching yourself against a rough-barked tree. Somewhere ahead lay safety—a fire, clean water… The ground had slowley begun to grow familiar as you neared the treeline. You recognized the way the trees opened, the faint flicker of orange light through the branches. Relief washed over you, brief but potent. Enough to keep you on your feet, until you saw the trail into camp you had constructed in the past.

Staggering into the campground, you walk passed storage containers until you collapsed beside the meat hanger. The deer's weight nearly crushed you, but you forced it onto the hooks. The effort left you gasping, your body trembling. The world spun, and you clutched the wooden frame for support.The arrow shaft protruded from your side still, that once small crest of blood had grown far larger during your journey. Blood seeped from the wound, creating a long dripping stain down to your pants, red glinting in the firelight.

It had to come out, now. You carefully made your way over to your cot, grabbing whatever materials on the way that could be useful. You slowly laid down on your back and with shaking hands, you laid out everything you had across your chest, which would serve as a impromptu operating table. Your hunting knife, a spare leather strap for your game bag, and your water bottle. No sutures. No sterilization. No medication.

Placing the leather strip in your mouth you bite down hard in anticipation, as you cut away the fabric around the embedded arrow, careful not to jostle it. Up until now you hadn't really had the time to give it a good look, whether or not you could even do anything. Sweat dripped into your eyes as you peeled back your shirt, revealing the

torn, bloodied flesh. The sight made your stomach turn, but you continued to cut until it was fully revealed. The wound was deep, an uneven slit where the arrow shaft protruded from. The surrounding skin was bruised and swollen, a mismatched motley of purple and red.

You took a breath. Just one as you grasped the arrow shaft. *It'll be okay,* you were whispering to yourself, a mantra against the rising panic. You clenched your jaw on the leather one last time before giving it a slight tug—a jolt of agony.

Fuck.

It was terrible, just that little tug had sent you almost reeling as you bit into the leather. The arrow felt firmly lodged, the next best option was to cut it out. The knife felt heavy as you pressed the blood-smeared blade against your skin. The world narrowed to the pain. Your body trembled, slick with sweat. Perhaps it was better to leave it. Cut around it, widen the hole, ease it out. Something—anything had to be better than this.

You positioned the knife against the torn edges. The blade pressed into your skin, trembling in your unsteady grip. Damaged skin *was* surely going to be easier to cut, but the resistance was still way to great. Pain blinded you, vision swimming. Blood welled, hot and sticky against your stomach, spilling onto the dirt. You cursed, dropping the knife—too dangerous. You just couldn't bring yourself to do it. The knife, was dull and caked with deer blood, it was filthy. Infection would be almost almost certain with something like that. Seeing your open hand though you had another idea; your fingers.

Using your mouth to uncap your water bottle, you poured water over two of your fingers. As clean as they were going to get, you suppose. You bit down on the leather until it threatened to split, as you began probing the wound with trembling fingers. Your skin crawled at the slick, unnatural warmth. It was different when it was your body being invaded like a gutted carcass. Your stomach churned as you dug deeper, each touch a fresh wave of pain; though much lighter than the knife. You felt down the rough arrow shaft, the torn edges scraping your skin, until finally you felt it. The arrowhead.

Jagged and barbed, wedged between the torn tissue it had cut through. *Of course* it was barbed. You pressed on, fingers sliding along open muscle and fat, trying to get a grip on it. A tug—white-hot, all-consuming pain, tearing through you. Your body convulsed. But you

had to continue. Just a little more—You gained some ground, your fingers slowly detaching the individual barbs that had snagged on flesh. Just a little more and you could get it out.

Suddenly you picked up on something, a noise.

There was movement in the bushes, you were sure of it. Something was just outside the borders of your camp, but was it actually a threat worth interrupting getting the arrow out...? You grab for the arrowhead again, theres faint rustle of leaves cauing you to second guess yourself. The snap of a twig causes your heart seize, it would have to wait. Reluctantly you roll off the side of the cot, getting low to the ground as you put your back against the nearest storage box.

The adrenaline was kicking in, helping to cut through the pain. You crawled across the ground to your game bag, strapping it on as you took up your gun and racked a shell into place. The snap echoed in the quiet, a warning. If it was sentient at least now it knew you were armed. Your breath stilled, your eyes darting toward the treeline. You caught it moving again in the corner of your perperipheral vision.

However you let out a small, relieved sigh. You were positive at least that it wasnt her, it was too big. Too slow. Nothing like the usual swift, silent movements that you had come to associate with her. While you weren't completely in the clear yet, you were at least a lot more confident in your chances now. But as you moved further away from your camp the woods fell unnaturally silent. Years in these forests had taught you to recognize this quiet—the quiet of danger. You crouched low, rifle steady, scanning the undergrowth. The sharp, metallic tang of blood drifted on the breeze.

Then you saw it a few paces ahead, beyond a thicket of brambles, something tall and humanoid loomed in the shadows. You crept closer, careful not to snap a twig, raising your rifle, your finger tightening on the trigger. No matter how close you got however the figure didn't move, in fact it didn't even look like it was standing by itself. Raising the lantern revealed what it truly was: the corpse of the hunter you had killed earlier today, impaled through the shoulder on a low branch. Their body hung limply, as if displayed as some grotesque offering, but something else was wrong.

There was bone gleaming a stark white beneath the gore. The ground around the tree was churned and matted with blood. Tilting the lantern higher, the light cast long shadows. You could tell why.

Deep, unnatural gashes raked across the hunter's chest and limbs. Their stomach was ripped open, entrails strewn like butcher's waste. The face was barely recognizable, skin torn away, eyeballs gouged, as if something had been feeding on it right then and there. You swallowed hard, the coppery taste of fear on your tongue.

"There you are," a familiar voice crooned. "Little hunter..." The words were laced with a soft airiness and if you didn't know better you would say it was even friendly.

You hit the deck as fast as you could, the abrupt motion violently jarring the arrow in your side. A guttural moan escaped you as your gun slipped from your grip. But it was better than the alternative—the long, serrated blade that whipped through the air above, tearing through your shirt collar. As the air rushed past your ear, there was no doubt about it now. She was here.

Your hand found your knife, and you rolled onto your side, ready to strike. But she was gone. Only the deep gash in the tree inches from your head remained. That strike would have killed you outright, rupturing your carotid artery. Then, the faint, unsettling buzz of wings —closer now, a low thrumming that vibrated in the air.

You gritted your teeth and ran to the side, refusing to be predictable. A wrong move could mean death here. You felt the air shift—a blur of dark green cutting through the lamplight right as you tried to tuck your limbs in to make yourself as small of a target as possible. Pain blossomed in your side, a sharp, burning gash appearing before you could even register her passing. It felt like a wasp made of razor blades had stung you.

You stumbled through the trees lantern in hand, searching for your gun, your bag—options. Survival depended on it. Another strike landed, a deep cut across your left thigh. Blood flowed freely down, stai. Your leg gave way momentarily, the wound throbbing as you ducked behind a tree to avoid another slash. You took a deep breath and forced yourself to stay calm. You had to find an open area and draw her out.

Dashing out from cover as the tree you we're hiding behind just moments before was nearly bisected. She moved faster, bounding between trees like a specter. Another slash tore across your upper back, then your left shoulder. But you had finally managed to loop back around, you spotted your bag, your gun. They were just ahead. But unfortunately so was she, her intuition giving her a pretty good

idea of where you we're headed. You ducked your head down as she soared over you.

For the first time, you saw her touch ground. She slid to a stop with unnatural grace, heels digging into the earth as she crouched low. Twin blades gleamed, poised. Her golden eyes locked onto yours, unblinking, sharp—beacons announcing the attack. That ever present, creepy smile on her face. Then she lunged, fast as a snake. The ground beneath her all but erupted, a blur of green and steel, a whirlwind.

Instinctively, you grabbed the closest debris—a rotting log—and raised it as a shield. The sheer force of her momentum slammed into it blades first, the log exploding in your hands, splinters flying. The impact sent a shockwave through your arms, nearly dislocating your shoulders. You scrambled for your gun, your fingers barely closing around the stock. Rolling onto your back, you aimed square at her.

She stopped right there, hunched over as her eyes were trained on your gun. The lantern light reflected off Ishmael's insectile wings, the iridescent green glow shimmering around her. But those intricate patterns on her wings,their ethereal beauty—a deceptive mask. Her blades clicked softly as she tilted her head, studying you back.

Once, long ago, you'd made a pact with her—a desperate bargain. She would provide you with protection from the other predators of the forest, in exchange for a set portion of each of your succesful hunts. Somehow she would always have a way to find you after every hunt, to collect her due. An uncanny intuition you suppose, a byproduct that came from being whatever she was.

"It's time to pay for the fairies care." Ishmael murmured, her voice a low hum. Golden eyes flicking to the game bag hung over your shoulder. Slowly she began to circle you, predatory, deliberate. Her gaze lingered on the bloodstains coating the bag, wings beating fervently as if she could quite literally taste them.

"You've left me hungry for a long while..." The statement hung in the air. "You'll give me something fresh... won't you?" Her words always trailed off, as if every thought and action was second to her hunger. Her gaze slowly moves up to your face, and you feel her expectations. You didn't know what would happen if you failed to uphold your end. You didn't want to find out.

You kept the gun trained on her, ensuring she remained in your sights. With a sharp motion of the barrel you signaled her to back off. She

was too close. Ishmael's only response was a faint buzz of her wings, a vibration of clear irritation. Her expression remained impassive however, a veneer of calm. “Such little trust for one who protects you,” she hummed, her voice smooth. The words held a subtle threat.

Still, she obeyed. Her circling taking a wider range, creating what she considered a 'reasonable' distance. Which wasn’t much, but it would have to do.

“I only got so close because you allowed me,” she mused, staring you down. “Quite unusual of you, hunter.” Her golden eyes bored into you, searching for weakness.

Her words hit a nerve. You clicked your tongue, forcing yourself not to react. She couldn't know you were injured.

Instead, without saying a word you shifted the game bag to your front and unzipped the front. The stench of meat and old blood beginning to permeate out into the air. You reached inside to produce a bloodstained package. The smell was thick and cloying, especially to senses as good as hers.

Holding it aloft, you waved it in an attempt to draw her gaze away from you. The package dripped blood, dark and viscous.

Suddnely Ishmael’s nostrils flared, her focus snapping to the package. Her lips parted, her tongue gliding across them. She stepped closer, her wings trembling. But she didn’t lunge. Not yet. Her gaze flicked between the package and you, calculating. Something was different. She was waiting. Patient.

But you weren't willing to test her either. One low growl rumbled from her chest which was enough for you to toss the package. After which you immediately stepped back, gun trained.

Ishmael snatched it from the air, her claws tearing through the paper. She lifted the meat to her nose, inhaling deeply, her eyes half-lidded. Her wings buzzing with anticipation.

Then, she began to eat. She devoured the meat with reverent hunger, her sharp teeth tearing through flesh. The sounds were wet, visceral.

You watched her warily. She was focused on her meal, but you didn’t relax. Ishmael paid you no mind, completely lost in her gluttony. Tearing flesh and wet chewing filled the air, punctuated by low purrs. She cracked a bone, suckling on the marrow. Blood smeared her chin,

dripping onto her dark green attire.

You just watched, hoping that what you gave her plus whatever else she caught today would be enough. But even after a couple minutes she continued to eat frantically, barely pausing to chew. Whatever excuse you could make would be helpful, your voice low and tense you try to inform her that potential scavengers may come looking if she didn't leave before long.

She made a dismissive sound though, barely glancing up. More intruders meant more food. Even so, she picked up the pace slightly faster.

Blood dripped down her chin, spattering her clothes, her hair. She devoured the last of it with feral abandon. Finally, she sat back, licking the blood from her fingers and lips. Her eyes flicked up to you. A thin trail of blood clung to her mouth.

“Soft... tender,” she crooned, her tone light and distant. Muttering to herself you could only assume.

She stretched, her wings beating once, before glancing past you towards your camp. Her gaze lingered on your supplies, and you tensed. She wasn’t full. You saw it in her restless movements, the flick of her wings, her frantic sniffing. That hunger still burned in her eyes.

Your blood loss was already bad enough, but the exertion was starting to catch up too. The slight throbbing pain from the places she cut you starting to set in. You needed her gone. Now.

Making a big show of fiddling with your weapon you reminded her that nothing in your camp was worth a confrontation. You stated calmly that you had given her everything as part of the deal. Nothing else remained for her.

Her wings twitched in reponse, her lazy smile unwavering, though she was dissatisfied. Still, she kept her distance. The smile failing to reach her cold, calculating eyes.

“Nothing more… for me?” she murmured, her voice lilting. “Not even a single morsel?”

Her tone was petulant, a child denied dessert after a meal. She sniffed the air, eyes narrowing. Her senses were far sharper than yours.

“How cruel,” she sighed, her wings flaring. “You withhold your

bounty after all I do for you...” She took a single step closer.

“When all I ask is little something extra in excange for my care,” she murmured. “A scrap from one of the richer parts. Just once, wouldn’t you be so generous...?” Her steps slowly brought her closer. You could feel the weight of her hunger bearing down on you.

Normally, you’d humor this behavior until she grew bored and left you. But you simply did not have the time and so you tried to silently make a retreat. Just a couple steps to feel slighlty closer to the camp, closer to safety.

But the leaves crunched loudly as you took a step back, it was utterly deafening in the silence. Ishmael’s eyes locked onto the motion, her head snapping downwards. Even her wings stilled.

Her gaze raked over you slowly, as if uncovering a secret. "You're hurt," she mewled, the sound giving you chills. Your hand trembled on the gun as you felt your throat drying up. You couldn’t let her close the gap.

You insisted you were fine, the blood on you was just residue from the game bag.

Ishmael continued her invisible investigation, slow and invasive. “Little hunter,” she said, her wings fluttering. “You lie to me.” Her eyes gleamed.

“Fresh blood,” she repeated, her voice a sing-song. “Clean blood. Not the spoiled stuff from your kills.” She took another step, her shadow stretching further as she approached the lamp.

You felt the forest closing in. The throbbing wound in your side made every move sluggish. Your breath hitched, and you too could taste the blood in the air.

Ishmael’s smile widened, teeth flashing. She moved closer, like a cat stalking prey. Twin blades gleaming.

“Mmm… you’re hurt bad,” she crooned. Another step. “I can tell.” The words hung in the air.

She stopped just short of your reach, you could feel her gaze, touching all over you. You felt her assessing you, her gaze lingering on your clutching hand, your trembling stance. She slowly leaned forward.

“Enlighten me,” she purred. “Where will you run too...?” Her smile curled wider. Her breath, hot and stale, brushed your face.

You straightened, ignoring the pain. The gun remained trained on her. Even though your voice was edging on fear, you stood strong. Informing her that your end of the deal was fulfilled, she should leave.

Ishmael’s wings flared, her expression sharpening. The air hung taut.

Now that she knew, you didn't have a choice, taking slow steps back towards camp. She matched them, measuring out each indivisual one. Each step sent a jolt of pain, but you kept moving, never taking your eyes off her.

She tilted her head, eyes gleaming. Her blade rose with her arm—was she going to attack? Fear made you pull the trigger prematurely, your body language betraying you. She dove aside, the shot flying overhead. The gunshot shattered the silence. Dirt and leaves erupted where she’d been. She landed lightly, turning to glare with amusement.

Without a word she begun to approach you again. Goading you, testing your fear. Her movements were fluid, graceful.

Instinctively, you tried to rack another shell, but your blood-slick hands fumbled with the latch. Ishmael’s gaze sharpened, honing in on your unease. The latch clicked open slowly.

Her steps were unhurried, her confidence unwavering. The lantern flickered, distorting her features.

"Don't struggle too much," she hushed, her voice thick with mockery. "Scarred, rotten meat isn’t tasty."

She continued, her wings fluttering faintly. Each step made the air heavier, the forest shrinking, the trees closing in. Shadows deepened, the firelight casting grotesque shapes. The world spun; you swayed.

Your body begged you to move, but your legs felt rooted. The wound burned with each breath.

Ishmael paused, tilting her head. Her smile softened, but not her eyes. "I wonder what you'll taste like,” she mused, almost pitying. “All that delicious blood... leaking out.” Her gaze drifted to your side. The blood has long since soaked through your bandage, visible through

your overcoat.

She circled you, like a vulture. Her wings buzzed faintly, amplifying the suffocating weight of her presence. Only the crackling lantern, your frantic heartbeat, and the hum of her wings broke the silence.

Your grip tightened on the gun, knuckles white. Ishmael's eyes flicked to it, then back to you.

"I promise," she urged softly. "It will be quick."

She readied herself, her golden eyes gleaming. The serrated blade slowly making it's way towards your neck as she reached out towards you. You braced yourself, the game bag felt heavier, the anticipation of her next move pressing into your ribs.

You stepped back again, boots crunching on leaves—that movement set her off. You fired off another shot, using the time she took to dodge you started to run. The leaves amplified the silence. The recoil jarring your side.

Ishmael lunged, a blur. You fired again, the gun roaring. Wind rushed past your ears as you sprinted, branches whipping you.

The shot rang out and for a moment, you thought you'd hit her. But she twisted mid-lunge, redirecting herself at an almost impossible angle using her wings. The bullet splintered bark behind her.

She was above you, hovering just out of reach. Her wings beat steadily as she planned her next move.

You didn't give it another thought as you continued to run. The pain gnawed at your side, your vision wavering. The forest held its breath almost as if it was complicit in her pursuit of you.

You gasped at the air, grasping for whatever oxygen you could get.

Your free hand found the lantern at your side. With a desperate burst of strength, you hurled it. The glass shattered, spilling flaming oil all over the ground. The flames erupted, casting long shadows across the treeline. The smell of burning oil filled the air.

Ishmael hissed, as she beat her wings frantically to avoid the flames. Staring at you from afar, the firelight reflected in her eyes. You knew her wings were delicate.

The fire created a fragile barrier. Ishmael paced its edge, calculating. The delay allowed you enough time to barely stagger into your campground.

Your breath came in ragged gasps, the gun trembling. The campfire was close. Desperation gripped you as you yelled, reminding her of the pact—the rules. Killing you meant losing access to all of the meat you could provide.

Silence fell. Her golden eyes narrowed. Realizing the possiblility of her prey escaping, the playful tone in her voice had all but disappeared.

“I have no use for you injured,” she said, her tone less airy this time. “I may as well enjoy this last meal...”

Suddenly Ishmael slammed directly into your back, latching onto your back. Looking to the side you barely had time to react tothe other blade swinging down. You stuck out your hand as fast as you could, grabbing her wrist as the blade grazed your chest. In a last ditch effort you threw all of your weight forward, wrenching her off and sending her sprawling. Also throwing yourself off balance in the process.

You collapsed near your cot. The impact had stolen your breath, the world was spinning around you.

You tried to stand, but pain exploded through your leg, sending you sprawling. A deep cut wrapped around your calf, she had managed to get a nick in when you threw her off.

You heard her steps behind you, closing in. She was coming.

Forcing yourself onto one knee, you grabbed the cot leg and fumbled for a weapon. Your fingers closed around a rock, and you hurled it. It struck her shoulder, but did nothing to stop her. Scrambling, you grabbed a pot lid resting on one of the crates and raised it.

She collided with you again, crushing the air from your lungs. Pain shot through your ribs. Her blades easily carved through the one of the sides of the lid, her teeth snapping.

Pushing back with a firm grip on the lid, you slammed it into her face. The blow barely fazed her. The splintering wood giving way to those beaming eyes between the cracks. She batted the broken lid aside and pushed foward, knocking you onto your back.

Her wings beat furiously as she mounted you, attepmting to pin down your arms. When suddenly a blade drove into the dirt inches from your head, the vibrations from the ground echoing through your skull. The blade was a hair's breadth from your temple.

Her face loomed down next, teeth bared as saliva dripped down from her maw. In an effort to protect your neck you shoved your hand into her mouth. It was that or instant death.

Her teeth clamped down, tearing through skin and bone. Agony erupted. You screamed. But you clung to her other wrist, keeping the second blade away. The sound of crunching from your hand was awful, but you dared not look. Just a single distraction from her attack and it would be over. The world narrowed—her weight, the pain, the blade inching closer. It pressed into the space between your collarbone and shoulder.

Finally you relented, telling her about the rest of the meat in the game bag. You had been starving for a while now, the thought of giving up the hunt you worked so hard for was awful. But you had to swallow your pride if you wanted any kind of ground here.

Ishmael's eyes shifted from your hand to your face. Her jaw stilled, blood dripping from her teeth. She glanced at the bag, her wings slowing.

"More..." she murmured, suspicious. "More meat...?"

The threat of death seemed to be postponed, at least for the time being. You tried to get up, to reach around for the bag, but her patience was thin.

"Show. Me," she repeated, her voice was deathly insistent. Her lips curled back.

She didn't shift, the blade still above you. She wasn't moving until she saw the truth. The blade pressed lightly against your skin.

"Or," she smirked, leaning closer, "I'll just keep feeding on you." Her breath smelled of raw meat and blood.

Using your good hand, you reached for the bag strap. But it was pinned beneath you, before you could explain, Ishmael slashed through the strap, tearing it free.

She snatched the bag from you, fumbling with it slightly as if

attempting to open it the right way. Growing tired she simply shredded it, spilling the contents. Entrails and meat slid over you in a nausating fashion.

Ishmael paused, her eyes darting between the spilled meat and your face. Then, as if a switch flipped, her focus locked onto the food. With a desperate eagerness, she began snatching handfuls, stuffing them into her mouth. Her movements were frantic, her hunger was palpable. She tore at the meat with her teeth, devouring it with savage intensity befitting an animal.

You tried to shift away from the revolting banquet sprawled across you, but her quick movements kept you pinned. Bits of meat and viscera flew as she devoured her prize, her guttural, inhuman sounds making your skin crawl. The sensation of the raw meat and entrails against your open wounds was sickening, and you fought back the urge to vomit. Her sounds were like those of a beast feeding, a horrifying symphony of tearing flesh and crunching bone. The large amount of deer blood between you two making every movement slippery. A sticky, nauseating mess.

Her wings fluttered slightly as she chewed, her eyes half-lidded in satisfaction. The violence of your earlier struggle seemed forgotten, replaced by a grotesque reverence for the feast she'd claimed. Still, she adjusted her position to ensure you couldn't move, her weight pressing down on your chest, making it hard to breathe. The flickering firelight cast her face in a demonic glow as she fed, her expression a mixture of ecstasy and concentration. Her wings shifted slightly, their iridescent green sheen catching the light. A droplet of blood fell from her chin, landing on your cheek.

As the bag emptied, Ishmael's attention gradually returned to you. Her gaze flickered up, taking in the blood and gore now smeared across your chest, your face. Her head tilted at an unnatural angle, her expression unreadable, almost clinical. The remnants of the meal clung to her face and mouth, a gruesome mask. A low growl rumbled in her chest, a sound that spoke of satiated hunger, but also something else… something predatory.

Suddenly, she grabbed the front of your shirt, pulling you upright with alarming ease. The sudden movement sent a jolt of agony through your body, and you cried out involuntarily, a raw, pained sound. Her face inched closer, her nostrils flaring as she sniffed at you, as if trying to discern the lingering scent of your blood beneath the stench of the deer.

“Even now,” she murmured, her voice low and unsettling, “that scent of *clean* blood surrounds you.” Dropping one blade to the side, she found the flaps of your cut shirt, exposing the arrow wound. You open your mouth to say something, a futile gesture, as she found the arrow shaft, giving it a sharp tug.

Your back arched in pain, your hand grasping at empty air. A scream tore from your throat, a raw, animalistic sound of agony. Your vision blurred, and you felt yourself teetering on the edge of consciousness.

“Careful, little hunter. You *are* fragile.” Her voice was soft, almost soothing, as if she were comforting a child. But the words were laced with a cruel irony, a chilling reminder of your helplessness.

You lurched forward instinctively, trying to escape the agonizing pressure on your wound. She stood, her grip on the arrow shaft and your shoulder tightening, pulling you up with her. Your legs buckled beneath you, unable to support your weight. With a dismissive shove, she pushed you down onto your cot. You landed heavily, the impact sending another wave of pain through your body. You lay there unmoving, everything feeling distant and numb.

Discarding her blades, she too crawls onto the cot, right on top of you. She plants her hands down on either side of your head, surrounding your head like a cage. She then firmly grabs a fistful of your hair, pulling your head to the side. As her tongue fervently licked her lips, she opened her mouth as if preparing to take a bite. Hot, moist breath ghosted across your neck, and you could feel saliva dripping down.

Was this it? Some revered hunter you were, pinned down in your own territory. You pushed out a hand against the side of her face trying to push her away to no avail. So you could only watch in dreaded anticipation. You expected your throat to be torn out violently right then and there, as her sharp teeth closing in on your jugular.

A firm bite met the crook of your neck; her teeth sank in, but they did not thrash or tear. Instead, you could feel a restrained gentleness in her attack, her tongue flicking out to glide over the irritated flesh. It was a strange, almost tender sensation, utterly at odds with the brutal violence she had just inflicted on you earlier.

Sensing your confusion, she increases the pressure of her teeth slightly. A breathless gasp being drawn out of you as she digs deeper, when suddenly she stops. Maybe she was done, a small mercy to this torture?

She didn't pull away. Instead, she began to slowly, deliberately, lap at the blood that welled to the surface. The sensation was both repulsive and strangely affectionate. Her rough tongue scraped against your skin, collecting the blood, and the wet sounds of her lapping echoed in the small space. It was a grotesque parody of a lover's kiss, a sloppy, uneven marking on your neck.

She continued this for a long moment, her focus entirely on the small wound on your neck. It was as if she had forgotten everything else, lost in the simple act of tasting your blood. Then, with a low, guttural purr that vibrated through your body, she pulled back.

Her eyes met yours. There was a strange light in them, a mixture of hunger and something else… something that looked almost like fascination. She reached out a hand, her fingers tracing the line of your jaw, her touch surprisingly gentle.

“So… fragile,” she murmured. She turned her head slightly and pressed her lips to the wound on your neck again. This time, she didn't just lap at the blood. She began to suck, drawing the blood into her mouth with a slow, suckling motion. The sensation was sickening, the feeling of her pulling your life force from you, but you were too weak to resist.

As she drank, she tightened her grip on your hair, pulling your head back slightly to give her better access. You could feel the blood draining from your body, a chilling sensation that left you feeling weak and dizzy. The flickering firelight blurred into a hazy orange glow, everything fading. But your insistent hand on her neck proved to be enough of an annoyance that she pulled off again.

Licking the bloody saliva off her face, she gingerly took hold of your awfully mangled hand pressed against her. Letting her tongue loll out, she brought the torn flesh and broken fingers to her mouth one at a time.

She licked away the blood, but more than that, she seemed thoroughly intent on covering them in saliva. It wasn't a casual cleaning; it was a deliberate, almost ritualistic act. She would trace the contours of each wound with her tongue, probing the torn skin and broken bones with a slow, meticulous motion. Her saliva, warm and thick, coated your injuries, a bizarre balm applied with unsettling intimacy.

The sensation was profoundly disturbing. The contrast between the brutal violence that had caused the injuries and the almost tender care

she was now showing was jarring. It was as if she was both the cause of your suffering and the only one capable of offering any solace, however perverse. The feeling of her tongue on your marred fingers sent shivers down your spine, not of pleasure, but of a disturbing unease.

She continued this for what felt like an eternity, her focus entirely consumed by your mangled hand. Then, with a sigh that sounded almost like contentment, she released it. Her eyes, dark and unreadable, met yours for a brief moment before she began stripping away the remnants of your clothing.

Her touch, previously focused and calm, now became almost careless, ripping away the tattered fabric with a rough impatience. Your fading focus could barely register what was even happening. The cold night air against your exposed skin sent shivers through your body, a stark contrast to the burning pain in your side. Seemingly satisfied with your other wounds she moved on to something else.

As she exposed more of your body, her gaze lingered on the wounds, tracing the lines of blood and flesh. She slowly started to moves down your body, gently licking and applying her saliva to whatever open wounds she had inflicted on you and licking up whatever blood she could find. Eventually kneeling down between your legs at the floor of the cot. She reached out, her fingers lightly brushing against the raw skin around the arrow wound. The touch was feather-light, barely there, yet it sent a jolt of pain through your body.

She leaned closer, her breath warm against your injured side. You could feel the heat radiating from her body, warming up every part of you that she touched. She paused, her lips hovering just above the wound, when she started to lean down.

The sensation was awful on a wound of such a size, her rough tongue tracing the edges of the wound, collecting the pooling blood and fluids. It felt like a violation of your body, to be on the side of the prey this time. Just the sight of her saliva mixing with your blood, bubbling up as her tongue moved around. As she continued her ministrations, there was something else. Some faint green glow that begun to emenate around the both of you.

However, before you could question her, she wrapped her hand around the arrow shaft. And with one swift, brutal motion, the barbed arrow came free, tearing through flesh and muscle. Blood gushed from the wound, coating you, the cot, the ground. She discarded the arrow

and began to pull away. Your screams rose, then choked as a wave of nausea overwhelmed you. The arrow's removal was a searing explosion of pain, a tearing sensation that ripped through your insides. The blood flowed freely, staining everything around you a deep crimson. Your screams were cut short as you choked back a mouthful of bile.

Her tongue slid into the gaping wound in your stomach, probing the soft tissue. You were barely alive, your consciousness flickering like a dying flame. You made no sound, beyond a shallow, rattling breath. You were fading fast, but the remnants of your awareness clung to the intense sensations of her touch. Her tongue moved against your internal organs, an otherwordly sensation that you feel no one should be awake for.

Your hands, desperate to find purchase on something, found the back of Ishmael's head, fingers intertwining in the soft, ginger threads of her hair as she continued her gruesome exploration. The unexpected touch seemed to momentarily startle her. Her tongue paused its macabre dance within your wound, and she tilted her head back slightly, her eyes, now fully dilated, fixing on your face. Her mouth lightly holding onto a piece of intestine. A low, guttural purr rumbled in her chest, a sound that resonated deep within your broken body. It was a sound not of malice, but of… contentment?

The contrast was ironic. One moment, she was violating the very core of your being, and the next, she seemed almost… pleased by your touch. It was as if your near-death state, your utter helplessness, and perhaps even your involuntary contact with her, had formed some kind of connection.

She didn't stop though. Instead, she suddenly pressed in further, her weight shifting, further embedding her entire face into your flesh. Her long tongue slithering around further in between organs and muscles. You could feel the faint tremor of it under your skin as she resumed, your eyes tracking it underneath your skin, as it explored all the ragged internal tears in your body. Your back arched, feet pushing desperately against the side of the cot as if to get away. But your own grip on her hair pulled her with you.

The pain had slowly begun to recede for some reason, replaced by a warm numbness. Your grip on her hair weakened, your fingers loosening their hold. Your vision was slightly clearing up, the bright firelight unblurring from everything else. Bringing your injured hand to your face you could see that the minor injuries had all mostly

begun to clear up, with the major ones knitting together with some severe scarring left over.

"The fairies' care," she said. Her face still obscured in your abdomen.

Your focus was suddenly dragged back down as you trembled from her continued 'care', eyes twitching as they rolled up slightly. The smooth, invasive touch of her tongue, the weight of her body pressing down on you, the low, contented purr that vibrated through your bones. These sensations lingered, a grotesque symphony of perverse satisfaction that clung to the edges of your awareness.

Suddenly, she shifted again, this time pulling back all the way out of your guts. As she began to lick the outside of the wound and your surrounding belly. The sound of her lapping, wet and insistent, echoed in the stillness of the night. The large gash in your amdomen slowly scarring over and healing.

Seeming fully content with the amount she had consumed, she said nothing more as she stood up. Walking over to a nearby corner far enough from the fire before curling up like a domesticated feline.

Perhaps you could enjoy the Fairies' Care a little longer...

End Notes

I tried to incorperate the healing mechanic that fairy fest has in lob corp

I think it was aight

Also the writers barely disguised gore fetish whoops

Hope you liked it

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!